

**University of Mississippi**  
**eGrove**

---

Broadside Ballads: Scotland

Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads

---

July 2019

# Ours the Strains Renowned in Story.

Author Unknown

R.W. Hume, Leith (Edinburgh)

Follow this and additional works at: [https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_scot](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_scot)

---

## Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author and R.W. Hume, Leith (Edinburgh), "Ours the Strains Renowned in Story." (2019). *Broadside Ballads: Scotland*. 39.  
[https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_scot/39](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_scot/39)

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: Scotland by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact [egrove@olemiss.edu](mailto:egrove@olemiss.edu).

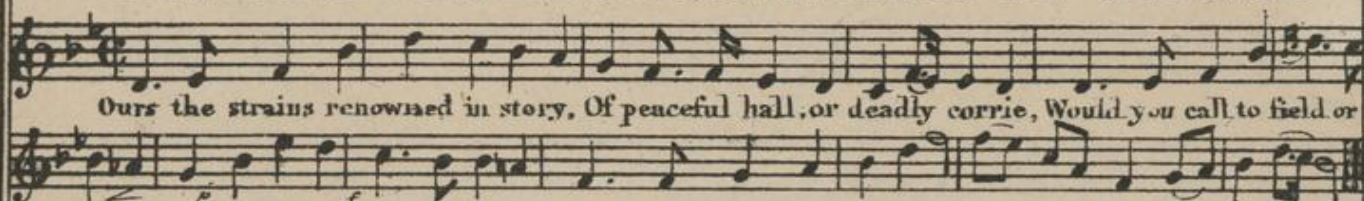




Words by J. Bayne Esq.

Music by R. Tevendale.

## OURS THE STRAINS RENOWNED IN STORY.



Ours the strains renowned in story, Of peaceful hall, or deadly corrie, Would you call to field or

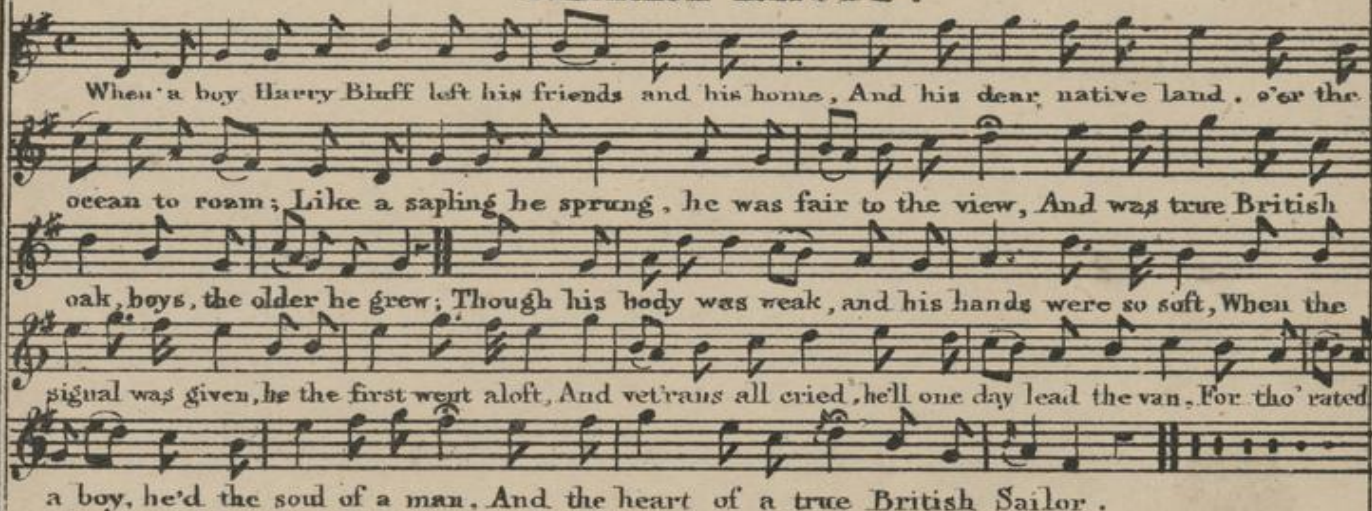
foray, Melt to love, or rouse to glory, Sound our mountain melody. Sound our mountain melody.  
Where the gale of love is blowing,  
Health, and mirth, and bliss bestowing,  
Where the cup of joy is flowing,  
Eyes are bright, and hearts are glowing,  
Pours the pipe its thrilling lay.

Who can hear its strain of woe,  
For friend deceased, or fallen foe,  
And see the mourners as they go,  
To its wild notes, sad and slow,  
And melt not at its melody?

And in the day of doubt and dread,  
When bursts the battle o'er their head,  
How strong the hand and firm the tread,  
Of Albyn's sons, o'er fields of dead,  
When cheer'd by its wild warlike cry.

Oh these the strains renown'd in story,  
Of halls of joy, or deadly corrie,  
Would you call to field or foray,  
Melt to love, or rouse to glory,—  
Sound our mountain melody.

## HARRY BLUFF.



When in manhood promoted, and burning for fame,  
Still in peace, or in war, Harry Bluff was the same,  
So true to his love, and in battle so brave,  
The myrtle and laurel entwine round his grave;

For his Country he fell, when with victory crown'd,  
The flag shot away, hung in tatters around,  
The foe thought he'd struck—but he sung out "avast,"  
And the colours of Old England he nailed to the mast,  
And he died like a true British Sailor.

Published Wholesale and Retail [ Price One Halfpenny ] by R. W. Hume, Leith.

All communications must be post paid.

The authors of the "Peany Post Bag," and "Deacon Draft," will observe that we have published their songs.